Date: 11-22-88 23:47
From: Sourdough Jackson
To: All
Subj: Prayer Drive

PRAYER DRIVE

With every turn of the disk in the drive:

To him who helps the poet thrive

By swapping silver for the use

Of verse, sweet blessings from the Muse.

But woe to him who plays the thief,

Deletes this message--grant him grief!

For every time the disk spins around,

His luck shall tumble to the ground.

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[This was placed in the READ.ME of a couple of large poetry .ARCs I have been putting out on the boards.]

--- Gnome v1.20

 * Origin: The Lizard King-"I am the Lizard King; I can do anything."(1:104/45.5)